

LINDA GILBERT NOMINATED BY THE BELFA LOCKWOOD PARTY.

A Man for Her Lieutenant—Three Black Roses Made of Tissue Paper Appear to Be Part of Her Party's Manifesto.

For President—Belva A. Lockwood, 616 West 41st St., Washington, D. C.

For Vice-President—Alfred H. Love, 218 Chestnut St., New York.

For Governor—Linda Gilbert, 1,315 Third avenue, New York.

For Lieutenant-Governor—Charles Reed, Oxford.

For Electors at Large—Edward W. Chantrelles, 111 West 12th St., New York; William H. Leonard, 10 West 72nd st., New York.

For District Electors—Wm. A. J. Fleming, 111 E. Robert Home, Long Island City; Emma Rea, 215 Willow street, Brooklyn; Mr. ———— Evers, Brooklyn; Mary C. Smith, 100 West 12th St., New York; Wm. Ford, Christopher street, New York; Susan H. Burns, 414 West 12th St.; Michael Jeremiah Brown, West street, New York; Amelia Bell, 110 Fifth street, New York.

[illegible]

New York held its State Convention at 156 West Twenty-third street last night, and nominated a full State ticket, with the exception of a candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, that place being left vacant. The candidate of the party for President was on hand, and spoke a few encouraging words.

The Convention was a pleasant and sociable affair, attended with but one disaster, that was, the loss of the platform. Miss Anna Johnson, the Secretary of the party, said she knew she was not right in the middle drawer of the desk

Con. Leonard, who presided over the Convention, was equally sure that if it wasn't in the middle drawer it must be in the second drawer from the top on the left hand side. But it wasn't in either the middle drawer or the second drawer down, and Miss Secretary Johnson blushed as red with vexation as the wine-colored silk dress that she wore after she had nussed over both drawers.

"I declare it's too bad," she said. "If I were not a woman I'd swear!"

she blushed redder than ever at having even so slightly intimated that there was any limitation upon her sex. The party already had a national platform, and those candidates who were present didn't mind having to stand on that until their own was found, so that no serious results followed the mislaying of the document.

Mrs. Lockwood wore a handsome gown of old gold satin, abundantly draped as to the skirt, with turned back edges of rich broad

at each side, and a narrow panel of the same material down the front of the basque. Plain white lace frills at throat and arms were the only other trimming, and her ornaments were a crescent of pearls and a pair of black shells pinned thus into the becoming roll on which her gray hair was made at the back. She made a charming picture of a matron woman, as she sat against and beneath a mass of brilliant flowers, and with the white lace of the meeting room were covered, with the light strong on her intelligent face. She wore three large blush roses pinned in a knot on her shoulder.

Similar roses graced the plain black corsages

of Mrs. Emma Cleveland, who sat at her right, and Mrs. Frost Ormsby, who sat at her left. The first of the three young women was Mrs. E. C. Erickson, Mrs. Devidé, Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Schulze, Miss Secretary Johnson, and Mrs. Leonard. The three symbolic roses also bore brightly against the background of the first of the three, Fitzgerald, enhancing the pale beauty of her round face, and three more prevailed unsuccessfully the bluest of a senior young woman won with fascinating eyes as a beauty. The three young women were engaged and to remain only upon condition that her name should not be divulged to the reporters. The roses were lovely and their effect was striking.

Besides these berosed ones that sat in an inner circle, about ten feet in diameter, were the young women who were no roses exactly. In their faces, and in their very manner, in the vacant space within the inner circle was Mrs. Leonard's black and white hairy little dog, Biju, with two immense black spots in the center of each eye. The expression of her face was an expression of settled melancholy.

Mrs. Lockwood arrived in town on Wednesday, and has since remained at Mrs. Leonard's.

not only been determined to put up a State ticket but all the names for it had been selected. Fortunately, the list of these had been placed in the hands of the State Board of Education, and the second drawing down, and therefore had not shared the fate of the platform. It was read, and nobody making any objection, was adopted as the official platform upon which to stand when Miss Secretary Johnson finds it. The list is given above.

After this Mrs. Lockwood made a little speech in a clear, ringing voice, with a manner little less impressive than that of the President. In the flight to stay, and hoped everybody present would stand by her in her battle for the

celebration of her life. If they and she could
 have been together at that time.
 At any rate, she added, with a charming
 twinkle in her bright eyes, if all the years cast
 for them had been counted four years ago they
 would have been married in the State of New
 York. What they did then they could
 do again, and if that didn't mean very
 much, what did it mean? "But," she added,
 "if it is to be, it is to be now."
 We shall meet it bravely! They were used to it.
 Her eyes twinkled more and more as she pro-
 ceeded to a rousing peroration, and her man-
 ner indicated that there is any fun going
 around in this company. The bridegroom
 was having her share of it. Bijou sat side-

Mr. M'land, old man in the green plush skull cap, made a speech on the generally abject condition of women and the necessity for their improvement. Ithra resumed his look of gloom, and I climbed up into Miss Secretary John's lap.

Mr. Newton, a foreign-looking gentleman with a great deal of watch chain, began several times to take to his heels, but he gradually worked his way down to modern

times. Bijou gazed at him reproachfully for a while, hammered his tail vigorously on the floor, and then, with a look of intense gravity, he got up in disgust and went to help Miss Secretary Johnson's wine-colored silk lap. He awoke when Mrs. Frost grins in a hesitating manner, confessed the fact was one of those things that had happened to him, but he had not been in the office, having but recently been born into the party, but said that her heart was in it. He wrenched his tail at this and was about to take his place in the line of the other women, when Miss Secretary Johnson, Newborn a question about finances, and Bijou turned in for another wine-colored shoe. Mr. Newton began back at the Des Moines, Newborn, and the line of the other women.

A Detective Shot by a Burglar.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Oct. 19.—Police Detective B. F. Turlington was shot, probably fatally, by a negro burglar, whom he was attempting to arrest on the street to-night. The ball entered the jaw and ranged upward, lodging in the head. The negro would have killed an un-

Labor and Wages.

The employees of the Lockwood & Lester Manufacturing Company of South Norwalk are on strike owing to a new scale of rates on all articles manufactured, which will reduce the men's wages about 25 per cent. The company is one of the wealthiest and most prosperous concerns in Norwalk.

The strike of yardmen at the New York Central Railroad yard at West Albany was ended by the company according to the demands of the men for an increase of wages.

The blockade exacted by the strike is being raised.

SPARKS FROM THE TELEGRAPH

George W. Hall's search drying house on Beers street, Brighton, was burned yesterday in Chicago. Loss, \$15,000.

The Mount McGregor Railroad, running from Saratoga to Mount McGregor, was only passenger for the season. The W. H. A. of Amoskeag purchased the entire property.

Emmy Lohmeyer, an aged German shoemaker living in Baltimore, cut his hair with a shaving knife and died in a few minutes. Domestic trouble led to the sad end.

The Iron Shipbuilding Company of Newburgh has sold its entire plant with the machinery. The value was \$1,000,000.

A German believed to be William Haley, was killed at Newburgh on Friday night on a West Point train. He was about forty, five years old and it is thought that he had a son still living in the town of Newburgh.

A passenger train on the Beech Creek Railroad ran into a number of loaded cars here Tuesday Creek station, Pa. on Friday night, and an unknown man who was getting a ride on the cowcatcher was killed. He was 400 lbs. tall, the driver of the train.